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THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 1, 1824.

No. 1.

REVIEW.

*Manners and customs of the Indian tribes located west of the Mississippi. Including some account of the soil, vegetable productions, and the Indian Materia Medica: To which is prefixed the history of the author's life, during a residence of many years among them—*by JOHN D. HUNTER. Philadelphia, J. MAXWELL, 1823, pp. 402.

THE opinions we adopt respecting the different nations of the world, are governed more by the writers they have produced, than the actions they perform; and those who are so unfortunate as to be without literature, are without the means of conciliating our friendship, or exciting our sympathy. Of this, the contemptuous light in which we are accustomed to regard the aborigines of our country, is a striking example. With fewer vices and more virtues than those barbarians to whom our earliest instructions teach us to look for examples of "Roman virtue," as it is most absurdly called, they rank in our esteem but little above the brutes, and we are taught to shudder with horror at the bare mention of their names. This arises in a great measure, from the circumstance of their being generally represented to us by their enemies; by men who had done them injustice, and felt the hatred that is felt towards those we have injured, and the contempt excited by manners widely different from our own.

The Indians of our country have never had an opportunity of describing themselves; they have had no historian to represent their own nation in the fairest light, to dignify their barbarities with the name of just and lawful vengeance on their enemies; to magnify the courage and deeds of their warriors, or celebrate the virtues of their sages. They have had no poet to bind the laurel around the brow of the hero, to represent rudeness as amiable simplicity; or by vivid descriptions of the beauties of nature, to excite the respect we insensibly feel for the possessors of things beautiful. No potent enchanter has ever arisen among them to

call back to our view the shades of their forefathers, and throwing around them the graces of fiction, adorned with the beauties of style, to make us overlook their vices in admiration of their courage and their patriotism; to bring out in bold relief, examples of private virtues, and hide the hideous scene of national cruelties under the motives and the virtues of individuals.

The ancestors of the present North American Indians, have "had no poet and are dead;" and their descendants have seldom received from their white neighbours the treatment which justice and humanity require from the rich to the poor, from the powerful to the weak, and from the enlightened to the ignorant. They have had most of the evils and vices of civilized society, bestowed upon them without any of its benefits, in consequence of having none of the whites but their felons and outcasts to establish a permanent residence among them; and no visitors but traders who had nothing but their own profit in view, or soldiers by whom they were regarded as enemies, or at best as very doubtful friends. We must except, however, from this remark some late attempts upon a benevolent plan, to Christianize, and consequently civilize them; of the results of which we cannot yet form a judgment. Should they fail, it will be for want of suitable characters as missionaries. There is no doubt that those who embark in this difficult and laborious attempt, are possessed of much piety, and a sincere desire to do good; but this is not enough; the Indians are ignorant, but not weak minded, and they require for teachers higher qualifications than most of those who send them instructors. And if we send among them men who are qualified merely to teach children, we do the cause for which they are sent, a very lasting injury. A pious youth who has been educated in our eastern cities, who has during his life, seen or conversed with few people except of his own sect, who has learnt little besides the conventional phraseology which in our cities is taken as proof of eminent piety, and the arguments used by controversial writers to refute the doctrines of other sects of fel-

low christians; if he cannot dispense with many of the factitious wants of society, and in short if he cannot bring with him the resources of a strong, vigorous and masculine understanding, he will be looked upon with contempt by the Indians, tho' their native politeness (which they generally possess in a greater degree than the instructors who send them) will lead them to treat him with civility and hear him with attention; but he finds after a while that his progress among the influential men is absolutely nothing—for a strong mind can never yield to the influence of a weak one, however much advantage it may possess in point of learning—he therefore concludes that God has hardened the hearts of this people, and left them to believe a lie that they may be damned. And the result of his mission is to destroy the respect that was entertained for the religion of the whites as that of a more learned and polished race of men than themselves, and to make the labours of future teachers infinitely more arduous.

Our contempt is justly excited by the meanness and servility which mark the slaves of arbitrary power, and the tameness with which they submit to be instrumental in the oppression of their fellow men; but why do we refuse the tribute of our esteem to the only people who have never submitted to the yoke of foreign masters; who have never hesitated to break the strongest of all natural ties, that which binds men to their native land; nay, even to suffer the entire extinction of their race, rather than renounce their freedom? Why are we who boast so much of our freedom, so careless of the only people who never impose slavery on others or submit to it themselves?

We justly regard the gross, debasing and disgusting idolatry which in so vast a majority of mankind has been both the cause and effect of mental degradation, as the disgrace of our nature; but we seem to attach no importance to the fact, that the aborigines of our country, are perhaps the only people who have never at any period of their history been contaminated by this foul blot on the human character; that this circumstance constitutes them a higher order of men

and requiring higher qualities in the instructors we send them, than the Asiatic slaves—slaves both in body and mind—to whom we are making such exertions to send missionaries, and who perhaps need them more, but they do not need those of a class so distinguished in point of understanding, nor have they so just a claim to our aid as the Indians of N. America. We possess the lands which once were theirs, and although we have obtained them more honestly and fairly than any of the lands in Europe or Asia were originally obtained by those who have transmitted them to their present possessors, although no other people have a right to reproach us—yet we cannot free ourselves from the reproach of having in many instances been unjust towards them and seldom so generous as we are required to be, by the benevolent precepts of the religion we profess.

The Indians are poor, and our charity should be extended towards them, but it should be done with caution and judgment. They possess that principle of freedom and independence which seems congenial to our clime, and which causes to its possessors a feeling of degradation at receiving any thing however valuable, as the gift of a master to his slave, or of a conqueror to his humbled enemy; and when compelled by circumstances to give up this quality, none of their virtues seem to them longer worthy of preservation. They require to be treated as men, and as men equal to any others in every thing except the accidental circumstances of wealth and knowledge, the importance of which is far less in their opinions than in ours. The virtues which the Indians consider as such, are more universal among them than those virtues are with us, which we prize, and endeavour to teach them. They find their own leaders and chiefs superior in mental qualities to most of the whites whom they see, and they are justified upon the principles taught by philosophers, and preached by Christians, in bestowing their esteem upon the qualities of the mind, rather than the accidents of fortune.

We select men of the most distinguished talents and virtues as ambassadors to the courts of Foreign Monarchs—to countries where birth is in more esteem than virtue and knowledge—where titled imbecility receives the homage that is due to active virtue and useful talents alone. Why should we not send men of equally distinguished talents where they can be made productive of vast benefit to our fellow men? Where talents and virtues receive the homage they deserve?

There is a strongly marked distinction already between us and foreign despots and their slaves; instead of weakening it by gradually falling into their habits, manners and opinions, we ought to widen it by a-

dopting very different ideas as our governing principles. There is no necessity for us to adopt the principle that it is necessary to weaken our neighbours, or to deprive them of any blessing they may have, or can obtain; none of our advantages are inconsistent with the enjoyment of similar or even greater advantages by others; and it is time that the idea should be exploded, that the injury of one nation is the benefit of another, than one should be pulled down, in order that another may be raised up higher.

It would be an example worthy of the first and only country that has shown itself capable, both of acquiring and preserving a government founded on the principles of equality in civil and religious rights, to give a further example of conferring benefits on their weak and ignorant neighbors, instead of taking advantage of their weakness and ignorance, to wrest from them the little they possess—the highly vaunted maxim of “*parcere subjectis*” which has been held so honorable and heroic (and indeed is so, when compared with the usual conduct of nations) is not carried far enough—it is proper not only to spare the conquered, but to improve their condition.

The government and people of such a country as ours, should be as much distinguished by a desire to extend the blessings of freedom and knowledge, its foundation and support, as despots and their subjects are to extend the miseries of war and the curse of slavery. We have given too many proofs of our determined courage, of enterprising bravery, and of dauntless heroism, to dread the imputation of timidity or weakness; and we need not fear to set an example, unknown to history, of a nation governed in their public dealings with other nations, by the same principles that we applaud, when exhibited by individuals in their dealings with each other.

Altho' the desideratum of an account of the N. American Indians by one of themselves is not yet supplied, it is more nearly so, by the work of which the title is placed at the head of this article, than we had reason to expect during the lives of the present generation. The author, a white man, was captured and adopted in his early infancy, by one of our western tribes, and having remained with them till manhood, his feelings, views and affections are completely identified with theirs. The narrative of his life constitutes the first half of the volume, and the remainder is occupied with physical and moral details respecting the country west of the Mississippi, and its inhabitants; and as the work bears unquestionable marks of candour and impartiality, as well as of sound understanding, it is entitled to more consideration, than any work we have hitherto seen upon the subject. It is calculated to remove many prejudices, and to give us a more favourable opinion of

the native inhabitants of our country, than any previous accounts of them.

Our limits do not allow us, in the present number, to give the more detailed account of the work, which we contemplated in commencing this article, but we purpose to resume the subject in a future number. At present, we shall only add a short, but important quotation.

“Vice, in all its various forms, is the concomitant of their intercourse with the dissolute portion of civilized life; and it is cultivated with great zeal by a majority of the traders who visit them, because it most effectually breaks down the lofty notions of independence and superiority, entertained by the Indians, and renders them the unresisting dupes to cupidity and fraud. And, I repeat, the benevolent of our race trust their hopes of benefiting the Indians, on a “sandy foundation,” so long as this kind of intercourse is tolerated.”

In our next, further quotations will be given to illustrate our present remarks. Z.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF
A YOUNG BACKWOODSMAN.

BASS-ISLAND COTTAGE.

Round its neat walls the fragrant suckling grew,
And Blooming roses drank the morning dew;
There nature planted amaranthine flowers;
Eternal verdure formed eternal howers.

Vale of Slaughten.

THE locality of Bass-Island will long be remembered by every American, whose bosom thrills with patriotic emotions at the recollection of Perry's glorious victory. That splendid battle was fought and won in the neighbourhood of this beautiful Island;—the transparent waters which laved its sides were crimsoned with blood; and the gory form of many a brave tar, was sepulchred upon its quiet. Shores sleep sweetly, gallant souls! your prowess is still the delight of your countrymen; and the battle of the 10th of September, will be the constant theme of admiration, while the waters which it immortalised, shall roll in grandeur over the consecrated falls of Niagara.

After the victory, the fleets were moored in the harbour of Put-in-Bay, which opens on the north side of the Island. At the point of deepest recess from the opening of the harbour, there lies a tenantless farm, upon which the North Western Army of 1813, was encamped for a few days, previously to its descent upon Malden. To that army as a young volunteer, under the immediate command of the venerable Shelby, I had the honor of belonging. Having visited the shattered vessels, and gazed for a time with mingled emotions of grief and exultation upon the wounded tars who survived the conflict, I turned from the contem-

plation of a scene so new to a novice in arms; and having regained the shore, I wandered forth to enjoy the refreshing beauties of the Island.

A few hundred yards in the rear of our encampment, a wooden habitation, partly obscured by the wide-spread branches of native forest trees, fixed my attention. Built upon an eminence from which there is a gradual descent to the margin of the bay, the cottage afforded a commanding view of the spacious harbour, the silvery lake, and the three sisters, a group of picturesque Islands a few miles distant. The garden which lay in front of the ruins, was of a quadrangular form, but partially enclosed, and presenting in the arrangement of its walks and shrubbery, many evidences of taste; while the flowers which had formerly been nursed by the hand of beauty, were overgrown by the rank luxuriance of weeds, and seemed to blush at that neglect which had left them to bloom in solitude, "and waste their sweetness on the desert air." The grass-plot in front of the door was ornamented with green hillocks—a grove of willows, whose weeping branches overhung an octagon bower of woodbine—and a solitary rose-bush, that had lately scattered to the sighing breeze its last ephemeral fragrance. The Eglantine and Ivy had clambered in profusion over the front of the cottage, and served in many places to hide its decay; the roof had fallen in; the doors were broken down; and the shutters, as they moved in the wind, creaked discordantly on their hinges; on the threshold, a huge copper snake in spiral folds was basking in the sun; and from the window bounded a startled wild cat, which soon found a covert in the adjoining thicket. In death-like silence I wandered through the rooms of this deserted tenement in hopes of finding some history of its former inhabitants, but in vain—nothing remained to tell the sad tale of "days that are gone."

After the army had taken possession of Malden, I met in the streets of that almost depopulated village, an old man, who relying upon American magnanimity had dared to remain; to him I spoke of the ruin on Bass-Island:—"Come with me my son," he said, "and I will give you the history of that spot on which you have so lately been wandering;" I followed him to his residence, and after winding up a narrow flight of stairs he conducted me to a small chamber which overlooked the encampment. From an old Mahogany desk, which still retained the sober gaiety of the olden time, he took from a small packet a manuscript, which he presented to me with a confiding smile that almost subdued the settled melancholy of his countenance. "This," said he "was penned by the family physician of those whose fate it commemorates."—The roll of drums at that moment interrupted our

conversation, and upon casting my eyes towards the tented field beneath, I saw the snow-white plume of our Commander in Chief, the gallant Harrison, proudly waving to the breeze, as he rode along the lines of the army, hastening its departure for the Moravian towns, in pursuit of the retreating enemy. The manuscript was carefully placed in the bottom of my knapsack; but at the close of the campaign I found it considerably mutilated: I have endeavored, however, to supply its deficiencies in such manner as to retain in some degree, the spirit of the original.

THE MANUSCRIPT

A few years since, a young Englishman with his wife and two servants, arrived in Malden from the north of England: In stature he was above the middle size, well proportioned and of a commanding aspect; his features though not exactly correspondent with the finest models, nor altogether regular, were strongly marked, and the *tout ensemble* gave an expression of countenance somewhat tinged with melancholy, but indicative of an intelligent mind. His full dark eyes, that unconsciously betrayed a proud and indignant spirit, when aroused by the gaze of impertinent curiosity, would instantly yield to the softest expression of love and tenderness, if met by the smile of his Mary. Reserved and formal in his intercourse with the world; studiously avoiding all enquiries concerning his former history, and seemingly living but for his wife, CHARLES LOVELL, for by that name he was called, excited the attention of the whole village. His companion, more like the being of a fairy tale, than the unadorned exile of real life, exhibited the finest symmetry of person, harmony of features, and expression of countenance. Her dark auburn locks which fell in clustering ringlets upon her shoulders—the sweet serenity of her hazel eye—the grace and dignity of her movements—the mellow tones of her voice, and the beamings of a highly polished mind that lightened her countenance with all the ineffable charms of intellectual loveliness, would have rendered her equally the fascinating object of admiration, amid the gay splendour of a city, or the rustic simplicity of a village: she was like the pliant seedling of the forest, which rises with renovated strength and beauty, from the ravages of the whirlwind, whilst the majestic oak stands scathed and riven; the storms of adversity which had exiled and sorrowed her husband, served but to call forth the firmness of her soul, and to add dignity to the feminine softness of her person. With Lovell she was happy tho' surrounded by the gloom of a wilderness, and to restore his wonted peace of mind, she strove to maintain in his presence the same sprightly look of cheerfulness which marked her youthful days.

The exercise of my professional duties

gave me an early introduction to this mysterious couple; and in the course of a few weeks, I accompanied Lovell on a visit to Bass-Island, during which he disclosed his intention of selecting for his future residence, a spot sequestered and far distant from the busy scenes of an ungrateful world: the island proved equal to his wishes, and immediately upon our return, mechanics were employed; and in the space of three months, Lovell and his little family, were in quiet and undivided possession of their sylvan abode. In the course of the first year of their residence, the wife had the fond satisfaction of presenting to her husband a lovely boy: the silken cords of affection were drawn still closer by this first pledge of their love, and their fervent aspirations daily ascended to Heaven, for the safety of their infant offspring, over whose couch they hung with unwearied patience and delight. The birth of the little stranger seemed indeed to be the consummation of the brightest hopes of the mother, and a healing balm to the wounded spirit of the Father. More serene and cheerful, Lovell now divided his mornings between the necessary rural occupations and a well selected library; and during the afternoon's relaxation in the society of his wife, their mutual relish, for connubial felicity, literature and song, apparently left not a moment for the faintest reminiscence of past adversity. As time rolled on, the stormy misfortunes of other days imperceptibly vanished, from the memory, and the winged hours, as they danced by this amiable pair, located

"On a bright little isle of their own,
In a blue summer Ocean far off and alone,"
teemed with content and cheerfulness.

* * * * *

It was a fine day of June, in the third year of their residence on this romantic spot, that Lovell proposed to his Mary as he rose from dinner, and cast his eye upon the inviting bosom of the waters; an afternoon's pastime upon the lake: with that prompt and cheerful acquiescence which ever constitutes the most endearing charm of wedded love, she smiled assent, and in a few moments every thing was in readiness and the white canvass of the pleasure boat was unfurled to the whispering breeze. The serenity of the blue depths of heaven—the glittering resplendency of the sunshine upon the waters, and the merry notes of the feathered songsters among the trembling foliage; presented, as the little bark gaily sailed from the harbor, one of nature's most enchanting scenes. Rendered unconscious of the passing moments by gazing upon these transcendent beauties, or by listening with rapturous delight to the prattle of their rosy cheeked boy, half an hour had flown rapidly away, when Lovell opened Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination. It was a favorite poem of her he loved; and in

thus complimenting her taste, he did no injustice to his own: with unusual animation and interest he read among those passages which she had previously marked with a pencil as peculiarly happy, the following beautiful lines:

"Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtues kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture."

At length he was aroused by the noise of the curling waves, as they broke against the sides of the pleasure boat; and upon raising his eyes, he observed some small fleecy clouds gliding along the western horizon: conscious that they were but too frequently the precursors of a storm, he directed the faithful pilot to return to the harbor without delay: Thomas obeyed, tho' reluctantly, for he was always pleased with an opportunity of displaying his nautical skill, amid the dangers of a tempest. In a few moments a dark cloud made its appearance—the wind blew briskly, and the azure waves, bright and sparkling with the broken tremulous sun-beams, rolled careeringly by, like the gay fantastic visions of a maiden as she contemplates her bridal day.

Lovell with calmness soothed the fears of his trembling Mary, while he seized an oar to assist in regaining the still distant haven. Presently the whole canopy of the sky was shrouded and darkened with lowering clouds; the wind in fearful gusts howled over the wide waste of waters—the rain descended in torrents—and the forked lightnings, played sublimely from Heaven to earth, tinging the dark rolling waves with lurid gleams of light. Unable longer to guide the boat over the raging-billows, Lovell, in utter despair, abandoned his oar; and, at the moment his arms were encircling and sustaining his lovely wife, who sat pale and motionless, clasping her little boy—her eyes raised to Heaven, silently invoking "Him who rules the tempest, and directs the storm,"—the boat was overwhelmed by a mountain wave, and the dying exclamation of "my wife—my child!" was but faintly audible amid the unsparing dissolution of the elements. * * *

Within a few hours, and all again was calm. The thunder-clouds, so late surcharged with two appalling elements, anon were melted into air; the o'erwhelming surges sunk into gentle undulations, with the dying influence of the breeze; and the departing sun-beams, as they streamed over that placid and lovely sheet of water, seemed gilding with an evanescent glory, the enchanting, but mournful scene. That gleam of beauty, however,

was soon o'ershadowed by the sombre hue of twilight, which cast its melancholy pall upon the waves—whose rippling murmurs were rendered more truly saddening by the scattered wreck of the pleasure boat, as it floated in fragments to the shore.

Next morning the sun rose serene and bright upon the Island, as if no awful calamity had intervened since his last joyful rising, to dim the lustre of his beams;—and the feathered tenants of the grove, sent up their melodious orisons to Heaven,—unconscious that the late happy pair, around whose rural dwelling they had so long carolled with delight, were reposing, in the sleep of death, beneath the clear blue waves of Lake Erie.

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1824.

TO OUR READERS.

On opening the first number of a literary paper, it may naturally be anticipated that the leading article will set forth the end and aim of the undertaking; and the general plan on which it is proposed to be conducted. This, though a very common course, and in itself no wise objectionable, we do not hold to be at all times indispensable:—and, accordingly, it is determined, in the present instance, that our readers shall find out the character of the paper now introduced to them, by an occasional scrutiny of its contents; a course which will generally give better information than any setting forth of a prospectus; for it is not by any means unusual with editors, in the commencement of their career, to flatter themselves that they are about to do such things as their readers never afterwards flatter them with having done. It is generally much easier to avoid making promises, than to fulfil them after they are made; and as even those which commence with "The President Directors & Co." are held in very little esteem at present, if dated at Cincinnati, we have the less inducement to commit ourselves by a course of proceeding that has lost its influence.

Should a sufficient patronage prolong the existence of this paper beyond the present number, it will be regarded by its conductors, as a proof of the revival of a literary taste, and it will be incumbent upon them to endeavour to gratify that taste by supplying it with such aliment as may strengthen the minds, after having amused the leisure of their readers.

If a second number should be issued, it will appear on Saturday the 10th inst.

THE ADVENTURES OF BERTHOLDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WE shall commence our brief notice of Bertholde with a description of his person. He had a large head, round as a foot-ball, and adorned with very straight red hair that bore a resemblance to bristles; an extremely short forehead furrowed with wrinkles; two little bleary eyes, edged round with a border of bright carnation, and overshadowed by a pair of large eye-brows, which upon occasion, might be made use of as brushes: a flat red nose, resembling an extinguisher; a wide mouth, from which proceeded two long crooked teeth, not unlike the tusks of a boar, and pointing to a pair of ears similar to those which of old time graced the poll of Midas; a lip of monstrous thickness that hung down on a chin that seemed to sink under the load of a beard, thick, straight, and bristly; a very short neck, which nature had adorned with a kind of necklace formed with ten or twelve small wens. The rest of his body was in good keeping with the grotesque appearance of his visage: so that from head to foot, he was a kind of monster, who by his deformity, and the hair with which he was covered, had a greater resemblance to a bear half licked into form, than to a human creature.

But though nature had treated him so unkindly with respect to his body, she gave him recompense by the subtilty, the agreeableness and the solidity of the mind, she had added to it. This advantage, raised him from being a simple peasant, to be the favorite of a great prince, and happily extricated him from all the dangers, with which by the malice of others he had been at times circumvented.

Bertholde was born in the early part of the sixth century, in a small village near Verona. His parents were poor and having moreover, a family of ten children to provide subsistence for, they were unable to give to any one of them the least education. But as for Bertholde, he had a rich fund of wit, that made him sufficient amends for the poverty of his parents, and served at last to counteract the unfavorable impressions which his deformity, was but too apt to excite. His deformity was indeed more fit to affright children than to raise his fortunes; and so well aware of this fact, were all the nurses and mothers of the village, that they often availed themselves of the terror of his name, the bare mention of which was enough to make their children quiet when crying, or to make them cry, when they were quiet.

The pleasure which he gave to the other peasants was equal to the terror his figure caused to the little innocents. Bertholde diverted them on Sundays, and every festival with the sallies of his wit. He instructed them with excellent sentences which he

uttered from time to time; so that next to the priest and the lord of the manor, no person in the village was treated with greater respect. His poverty, contrary to custom was not considered a vice, neither did it render him the object of aversion and contempt. So far was this from being the case, the honest country people, to keep him amongst them, would have contributed to his support; but unwilling to be a burthen to them, he chose rather to leave the village and seek a living elsewhere.

With this view he went to Verona, where Alboin, the first king of the Lombards, after having conquered the greatest part of Italy, kept his court. Chance conducted Bertholde to the palace of this prince, and while he was gazing and wondering at the beauty of the building, his attention was drawn to the combat of two women, whose nails though industriously used, were impotent, compared to the violence of their rage, and their volubility of tongue though great, was insufficient to give full vent to the torrent of abuse they were striving to heap on each other.

Bertholde was so much diverted with this scene that he had no disposition to put an end to it; but a stop was put to his satisfaction by one of the King's officers, who came with orders to part the combatants. The officer commanded them to lay their complaints before his majesty, who promised to do them justice.—Upon this, their fury ceased; each picked up her cap, and finding her clothes somewhat discomposed, and her appearance ill fitted for a kingly audience, sought permission for a short retirement, in order to appear with greater decency before her sovereign.

Bertholde hearing this, conceived a favourable idea of the goodness of his King, and as he had never seen him, resolved to pay him a visit. In that age the gates of palaces were not yet blocked up with guards; every one had free access to lay his grievances before the throne.

With the crowd that flowed in to hear the justice of Alboin, also entered Bertholde. Without any conductor he marched up stairs, traversed the apartments, and finally reached that in which was the King, surrounded by his courtiers who were conversing with him in a respectful posture, and laughing at the two women who had just been quarrelling before the window. But how great was their astonishment to see Bertholde walk in with his hat on his head, come boldly up to them, and seat himself in a chair, which out of respect, they had left empty! Surprised at this rusticity and still more at his appearance, they stood immovable at the sight of this second *Æsop*, whose mean dress well suited his deformity. From this rustic behaviour the King easily guessed, that he was one whom curiosity had brought to his court.

And as he had learned from experience that nature sometimes hides her treasures under the most unpromising form, he resolved to have a familiar conversation with him; and for a few minutes in complaisance to the clown to forget his own grandeur and dignity. "Who are you?" cried the prince to Bertholde: "How did you come into the world? What is your country?"—"I am a man," replied the peasant; "I came into the world in the manner Providence sent me; and the world itself is my country."

The King then asked him many questions which had not the least connection with each other.—A trial of wit, which was, in those days much used at the courts of sovereign princes. And this is the substance of the discourse as it is preserved in the ancient records of the country. "What thing is that which flies the swiftest," cried the monarch? "Thought," answered Bertholde. "What is the gulph which is never filled?" "The avarice of the miser." "What is the most hateful in young people?" "Self-conceit; because it makes them incorrigible." "What is most ridiculous in the old?" "Love." "Who are most lavish of their caresses?" "Those who intend to deceive us and those who have already done it." "What are the things most dangerous in a house." "A wicked wife and the tongue of a servant." "What way will you take to bring water in a sieve?" "I will wait till it is frozen." "How will you catch a hare without running?" "I will wait till I find her on the spit."

The King was astonished at the readiness with which he answered these questions; and to let him see his satisfaction, promised to give him any thing he could desire. "I defy you," replied Bertholde bluntly. "How so," replied his majesty? "do you doubt my good will." "No: but I aspire after what you do not possess, and consequently cannot give to me." "And what is this precious thing I do not possess?" "Happiness, which was never in the power of Kings, who enjoy less of it than the rest of mankind." "How! am I not happy on so elevated a throne?" "Yes, you are, if happiness consists in the height of your seat." "Do you see these lords and gentlemen that are continually about me; would they be always ready to obey me, if they were not convinced of my power?" "And do you not see, in your turn, that there are so many crows waiting to devour a carcase, and who to prevent its seeing their designs begin by plucking out its eyes." "Well said; but all this does not hinder me from shining in the midst of them, as the sun amongst the stars." "True, but tell me shining sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year?" "Why do you ask the question?" "Because, the continual flattery of these gentlemen will raise a cloud that must darken your understanding."

"On this foot then, you would not be a courtier?" "Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves: besides, I am neither knave nor liar; and consequently have not the necessary qualities for succeeding in this fine employment." "What are you then to seek at my court?" "What I have not been able to find there; for I had imagined a king to be as much above other men, as a steeple is above common houses; but I have soon found, that I have honored them more than they deserve."

Of all the virtues, those of frankness and sincerity have in every age been least recompensed at courts. This, Bertholde experienced; for the King shocked at the little regard he expressed for his person, told him that if he was unwilling to be turned out in an ignominious manner, he must leave the place immediately. He obeyed; but as he was going said with an air of gaiety, that he was of the nature of flies, which are the more obstinately bent on a return, the more you attempt to drive them away. By several stratagems, he so pleased Alboin, and gave him so high an opinion of his sagacity and abilities, that the king imagined the peasant might be useful to him, in helping him to disentangle the affairs of government; and therefore gave him free leave to stay at court.

We know not whether it was from an original feeling of misanthropy, that our hero derived his severity towards the fairer part of creation—or whether, as is most likely, it resulted from the bad success he had met with in his addresses to them; at all events, it is certain that he gave frequent scope to the indulgence of his humor; and various were the contests between him and the king on the virtues and vices of the ladies, in which, the king did justice to their merit, while Bertholde endeavored to bring them into contempt. A more minute account of these contests, we are compelled to omit, though we cannot avoid taking notice of a petition of the ladies of the court, to obtain a share in the government and administration of affairs.

The king having read their long request, which the queen had engaged the chancellor to deliver to him, replied, that this affair being of very great importance, required his serious consideration; that he would weigh the matter, and give the ladies an answer in an audience, to which they should be admitted the next day.

Bertholde, the enemy of beauty, could not hear the petition and reply, without bursting into a loud laugh. The king asked the reason: Bertholde ridiculed his complaisance and the easiness of his temper, when the king replied, that he was in a terrible embarrassment; that he should be ruined if he granted their request, and that his danger would not be less if he refused it. A

refusal, said he, will enrage them; they are able to revenge themselves, by making their husbands, who have the command of my troops, rise up against me. My dear Bertholde, added he; Bertholde, my faithful friend, help me out of this labyrinth: Thy imagination, fertile in stratagems, has hitherto drawn thee out of the dangers thou hast fallen into at my court, and I am persuaded thou canst relieve me out of this. Bertholde promised every thing, and desired the king to be satisfied. Having stood musing for a moment, he left the palace, went to the market and bought a little bird: He shut it in a box in the presence of the king, gave it to him, and desired him to send it to the queen, for her to give it to the ladies who had presented her the petition, with a most express prohibition against opening the box, on pain of incurring his highest indignation; but to keep it till the next day, when it should be opened before him, at the audience he had promised to grant them.

The officer to whom the box was given, discharged his commission, and the queen also gave the box to the ladies, who were still with that princess, talking together on the answer the chancellor had brought from the king. As we earnestly persuade ourselves to believe what flatters our self-love, there was not one present who did not think, that their request was already granted.—His majesty, said they, is sensible of the justice of our demand, and as he is equity itself, he immediately found that it was impossible for him to refuse us; to heighten the favour which he will certainly grant us, he has only thought fit to defer it till to-morrow. There is no doubt, continued they, but that this box contains something extremely valuable, and the confidence with which he has deposited it in our hands, shews also, that he does not think us unworthy of the honour. Come, ladies, let him see that we deserve it, by an exact and faithful observance of the prohibition relating to this precious treasure.

At this they took leave of the queen, and after having agreed to assemble the next day at the governor's lady's, in order to go to the audience in a body, each returned home.

They were hardly got home, when every one of them was filled with an impatient desire to know what it could be that was contained in that box; and this impatience increased to such a degree, that they could not sleep all night. Never was any hour watched for with more impatience, than that appointed for their assembling at the governor's lady's, and they were all there three quarters of an hour before the time appointed. They all began to discourse on the box they had received the evening before, which the governor had taken from

his wife as soon as she came home; and fearing lest her well known curiosity should bring him into disgrace, had taken the precaution to lock it up in his cabinet. However, as the time of audience approached, it was brought out and given to the assembly.

The box no sooner appeared, than they view'd it with the utmost impatience, and all being eager to see the hidden treasure, several very fine speeches were made to shew, that there could be no harm in just satisfying their curiosity; in short, this was a proposal that met with the unanimous concurrence of all present; and as the box had no lock, it was immediately opened, when out flew the little bird, which taking to a window that stood open, disappeared in a moment. How shall I describe the consternation of these unhappy ladies at seeing the bird fly away, and the box empty! They had not time to see whether it was a linnet, a nightingale, a canary-bird or a sparrow; had they but known of what species it was, they would have put another in its place; but this secret was known only to the king and Bertholde.

Their consternation now kept them silent and they no sooner recovered their speech, than they burst into tears and lamentations. It was in vain for them, they said, to hide their disobedience from the king—with what face could they appear before him? And then reproaching themselves, O this unhappy, this cursed curiosity, cried the governor's lady, has ruined us all! O fatal box, a thousand times more fatal than that of Pandora! If the curiosity that opened that box, occasioned evils on earth, a hope of deliverance, and a cure for those evils remained at the bottom; but alas! alas! we have not this feeble consolation.

Mean while the hour of audience approached, and in the perplexity they were in, they knew not whether they should go to the palace or return home; when one of the ladies proposed, that they should throw themselves at the feet of the Queen, tell her their misfortune, and entreat her to make use of her authority and credit with the king to prevent the effects of his anger, and they all unanimously embraced the proposal; but while they were preparing to set out, a page of that princess came for the box, on which they returned for answer, that they were bringing it; but they no sooner stood before the queen, than perceiving the box in the hand of the governor's lady, she viewed it with eagerness, snatched it and in an instant opened the lid, when, confused and astonished, she burst into a rage against the king, for having sported with a curiosity that had given her the extremest inquietude; when the governor's lady, with abundance of tears, acknowledged her fault, and in the name of all the ladies, begged her to endeavour to obtain their pardon. The queen was sensible of

their afflictions, and promised to undertake their cause.

In the mean time, the king, who waited for them, was surprised at their delay, and had mentioned it to Bertholde, who imputed it to the success of his stratagem. While they were talking on this subject, the queen entered, accompanied by the ladies, to the number of about 300, when their melancholy and dejected air confirmed the truth of his opinion.

The king, having seated the queen by his side, asked the cause of this visit: You have read, said she, the request I caused to be presented to you yesterday, in the name of all these ladies, and we are come for the answer you promised to give us. It is in this box, answered the king, and at the same time was going to open it. Your majesty may spare yourself the trouble, replied the queen, the bird is flown: The curiosity of these ladies has caused this accident, and you see them all at your majesty's feet to implore your pardon. And indeed, the ladies, as soon as the king attempted to open it, had prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground.

At these words, the king seeming in a violent rage, is it thus then, said he, in an angry tone; is it thus that you obey me? Have you let the bird fly that I intrusted to your care, in spite of the strict orders I gave to the contrary; and have you the front after this, to come to me to desire me to admit you into all my councils, and to enter into the affairs of my government and kingdom? How can you keep the secrets that will be there treated off, secrets of the greatest importance, since on those principally depend the happiness or misery of my people, the prosperity or ruin of my kingdom, and the safety or fall of my throne? How can you resist your inclination to divulge them, when in spite of my prohibitions and threatenings, you have not been able to restrain your curiosity for half a day? Go, foolish as you are, you deserve to be punished with the utmost severity: But out of respect for the queen, who has condescended to interest herself in your affairs, I consent to pardon you; but let me, for the time to come, never hear of the like extravagancies.—And believe me, it is not without the best and the most solid reasons, that the laws have excluded you from the government.

The king's pleasure at the success of this scheme was not less than the mortification the poor ladies suffered in hearing this discourse; and they were no sooner gone, than he made his acknowledgments to Bertholde. The more I know you, said he, the more I esteem and admire you; as a proof of my satisfaction, receive from my hand this ring, and my treasurer shall give you 1000 crowns. Do not be displeased, replied Bertholde, if I disobey you; my sincerity has already made me too many ene-

mies, for whom, however, I do not care a farthing; for he who desires nothing, and has nothing, has nothing to fear. Nature has made me free, and I resolve to keep my freedom as long as my life; but I cannot be free if I take your presents, for as the proverb says, He who takes, sells himself. How then, replied the king, shall I shew my gratitude? I have heard, said Bertholde, that it is more glorious to deserve the favours of a prince and to refuse them, than to receive without deserving them. If I was capable of vanity, your good-will would be more agreeable to me than all the presents in the world.

While they were talking in this manner, the king received a letter from the queen, who resolving to be revenged on the cause of the ladies disgrace, sent for the unhappy peasant, who by many artifices evaded the force of her resentment. She had four large dogs placed in the court through which he was to pass, in order to tear him to pieces; this he was informed of, and getting a brace of live hares carried them under his arms, and letting them loose at the approach of the dogs, was instantly delivered from these enemies. He, then to the queen's surprize, appeared before her, was put into a sack, and in this condition confined in a room till next day, when he was to be thrown into the river; but he had the address to persuade the soldier who was set over him, to let him out and take his place; and then stealing the queen's robe and her veil, in this disguise got out of the palace: But the next day he was found, and the monarch was obliged to satisfy the queen's resentment, by ordering him to be hanged on a tree. Bertholde besought the king to take care of his family, and to let him choose the tree on which he was to die. The monarch freely consented, and gave him a guard to see that the executioner gave him his choice; The trees of every wood for many miles round were examined, and Bertholde very wisely objected to all that were proposed, till the executioner and guard being weary of the fruitless search, set him at liberty. At their return, the guards found the king lamenting the loss of a faithful and able servant; he rejoiced to hear that he was still alive, and having found the place of his retreat, went himself to persuade him to return to court; this he not only accomplished, but reconciled him to the queen. He was then made prime minister, and under his influence the reign of this prince was happy, and his people enjoyed all the felicity they could reasonably desire. But the particulars of this part of his life, says our author, are for ever excluded from our knowledge; since this part of the manuscript has been unhappily eaten up by the rats; but these inveterate enemies of all the ancient records of history have left his will untouched, of which we can give but a

single item, which relates to his wife and his son: for strange as it may seem, even Bertholde had got a wife.

Item, As at my coming to court, I left my wife Marcolfa, and my young son Bertholdin, and have never let them know where I am, for fear they should follow me hither: I leave Marcolfa, my wife, the little piece of land I have possessed, till my son arrives at the age of 25, after which he shall enjoy it on the following terms, to wit, that if he marries, he shall never unite himself to a person above his station; that he shall not be intimate with his superiors; that he shall eat when he has it, and work when he can; that he shall not take counsel of those who do not know how to govern themselves, nor remedies of a sick physician; that he shall do his duty to every body, be vigilant in his affairs, nor interfere in those in which he has no concern, much less in those he does not understand; that he shall desire nothing, be contented with what he has; that he shall seriously consider that there are more lambs go to the butchers than sheep, and more young men die than old. If he soberly reflects on these things, and performs them, he cannot fail being happy in this world, and dying quietly.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES

THE publication of the WESTERN QUARTERLY REPORTER, has been transferred to Lexington Ky., where it will be edited by Dr. Drake, assisted by those eminent men with whom he is associated in the Medical College, and its former editor Dr. Godman, now residing in Philadelphia. It will be published by W. W. Worsley, and there is little doubt that its usefulness will be increased and its circulation extended by the change of its location.

AN edition of the Græca Minora, with English notes, has lately been published at Lexington, by Wm. Gibbs Hunt, and does credit both to the editor and publisher, by the style in which it is executed and the judicious improvements in the work.

Thomas Smith, of Lexington, has lately re-published, O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," and "Las Cases Journal," in a cheaper form than any of the Eastern editions, so as to render the works popular and to diffuse among all classes a correct idea of the character of the extraordinary person who is the subject of them.

Several other works will shortly be re-published at Lexington, of which notice will be given hereafter.

WILLIAM RAWLE Esqr. one of the oldest and ablest members of the Philadelphia Bar, is engaged in a work which he means to entitle, "Institutes of the Laws of Pennsylvania," and which is to comprise a view of the Constitution and Laws of the United States, and Laws of that Commonwealth. The Statute Law of that state, and the

various modifications of the Common Law will be included.

COL. FAIRMAN, of Philadelphia, has just completed an elegant engraving of Washington, from a drawing (half the size of life) by Trott, from Stewart's celebrated picture.

H. S. TANNER has just published his Atlas, for which the proposals have been long before the public. It is the most splendid and accurate, ever executed in the United States. It differs materially from charts, hitherto published. He has had access to original and authentic materials. The maps of the different states, are drawn on a uniform scale of 15 miles to the inch.

ST. RONAN'S WELL, is the name of the Waverly Novel, now printing by Carey and Lea. This is the second of the three, which the author, some time since engaged to furnish for £10,000.

A beautiful edition of Dr. Percival's principal poems, has appeared in New York. The volume contains many pieces not hitherto published. The first poem in the collection—a tale entitled "The Wreck," comprises about one thousand lines. This work is considered an acquisition to American Literature, and will, it is said, give additional reputation to the poet, who is so deservedly styled the first of American Bards.

"The Pilot," by the author of the Spy, was to have been published on Christmas day. Its publication has probably been delayed by the arrangement, to have it published in this country, and in England simultaneously.

THE Medical school of Transylvania University, has this season, upwards of 200 matriculated students. The Law department has 46. The whole number of pupils, in the several departments of the University, is greater than at any former period.

THE 15th No. of the valuable Journal of Science and Arts, edited by Professor Silliman, has lately appeared, it has been delayed by ill health of the editor. We select from it, the following articles of intelligence.

A Flora of the Middle and Northern States.

Dr. Torrey of New-York has now in the press a Flora of the Middle and Northern sections of the United States, being a systematic arrangement and description of all the plants hitherto discovered in the United States, north of Virginia.

This work will contain original descriptions of all the species which have come under the observation of the author, to which will be added copious synonyms and localities. Its plan will be nearly similar to that of Mr. Elliot's valuable Flora of the Southern States, and will with that work and the promised Western Flora of Mr. Nuttall, form as complete an account of the plants of the United States as our present knowledge will afford.

FINCH'S GEOLOGY.—Mr. J. Finch intends soon to publish *An Introduction to the Study of Geology*, designed to facilitate the acquisition of that highly interesting branch of Science.

POETRY.

SONNET.

Paraphrased from Aristogiton's celebrated Hymn to Health.

Hail, sovereign HEALTH—Heaven's brightest boon to earth!

With thee let all my future hours be past:
While o'er our forms thy lovely robe is cast,
Lo, sadness flies before the voice of mirth!
For all the charms that lurk in beauty's smile—
In happy homes, or pleasure's mines of gold,
Without thy aid are cheerless, dim, and cold,
And ev'n imperial pride invokes thy smile.
Nay—'mid the highest forms of earthly joy,
With which celestials soften human cares,
To thee we still prefer our ardent prayers,—
For thou hast pure delights that never cloy:
Thy smile, alone, misfortune's eye relumes,
And in thy roselike bowers the spring of pleasure blooms.

Cincinnati, 1823.

VERSION OF THE 137th PSALM.

Sad on the banks of Babel's murmuring streams,
In captive exile, we bewailed our woes;
While, to fond memory's eye, the vision'd gleams
Of distant Zion, thro' our tears arose.

'Mid sighing willows every harp was hung
Tuneless and silent as each aching breast;
For there our band no song of Zion sung,
Nor roused the lyre at tyranny's behest.

How can we raise the gladsome voice of mirth,
For those whose wasting bonds our limbs entwine?
How—far from that dear land which gave us birth,
Awake, as once, Jehovah's song divine?

Yet O, Jerusalem!—if I forget
The deep devotion I was wont to feel,—
Forever palsied be my hand,—and let
My cleaving tongue avenging wrath reveal.

In anger, sovereign Lord! remember those
Who erst cried "raze it, raze it to the ground!"
Of hapless Palestine the deadly foes—
May pardon ne'er for Edom's race be found!

Daughter of Babylon—whose towers must fall,
And moulder into ruins!—happy he
Who shall avenge our wrongs—our foes enthrall,
And with relentless arm, crush age and infancy!
Cincinnati, 1822.

SELECTED.

ODE,

On visiting Flodden Field—By J. LEYDEN.

Green Flodden! on thy blood-stain'd head
Descend no rain or vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whit'ning bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
Wild fancy feels the clasp of mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glow in my breast;—again I burn
To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light
Of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom,
With awful faces, ghastly red,
At once around their martial king
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corpses, moves each shadowy file,
And chaunts, in solemn strain, the dirge of
Flodden field.

What youth of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That view'd their chieftains' long array,
Wild to the harp's deep, plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern
main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the
vest of spring.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain
That mourn'd their martial father's bier;
And, at the sacred font, the priest
Thro' ages left the master-hand unblest,*
To urge, with keener aim, the blood encrust-
ed spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain,
In early youth, rose soft and sweet,
My life blood, thro' each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat,
And oft, in fancied might I trod
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
Encircled with a sanguine flood;
And thought I heard the mingling hum,
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion
come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English
blood.

Rude border chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore—
Rush from brown ruins, scarr'd with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mould'ring towers beneath the
burthen'd ground.

Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain
Who scorn'd with backward step to move,
But, struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
Against the sacred standard strove;
Amid the lures of war I trace
Each broad claymore and pond'rous mace:

Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away,
The flower of Norman pride, and England's
victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With early sounds, that murmur far;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samar.
Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
"Lament no more the warrior's doom!
Blood—blood alone—should dew the Hero's
tomb
Who falls, 'mid circling spears to save his na-
tive land."

*Alluding to the superstitious custom, of leav-
ing the right hand of a male child *unchristened*,
that he may deal the more deadly blow upon his
enemies.

LINES,

*Written by a gentleman at the end of a Book of
Drawings by his daughter, who had suddenly lost
her sight.*

Here hapless maid, here end thy playful pains,
Nature hath shut the book, thy task is done;
Of all her varied charms, what now remains;
To smell the violet and feel the sun.

O fate severe, earth's lesson early taught,
That all is vain, save virtue, love and truth,
We own it, all who through life's day have
wrought,
But thou hast learnt it in thy early youth.

Pupil of Heaven thou art, compute thy gains
When dullness loads thee or regret assails;
All is not lost, for faith and hope remain,
And gentle charity that never fails.

Now love shall glow where envy might have
burn'd,
Now every hand, and every eye be thine,
Each human form, each object undiscern'd,
By borrowed organs thou shalt still divine.

But thy great Maker's own transcendent light,
His love ineffable, his ways of old,
His perfect wisdom and his presence bright
"Thine eyes and not another's shall behold."

THE CINCINNATI

LITERARY GAZETTE

Will be published on Saturdays by
JOHN P. FOOTE,
At the BOOK-STORE No. 14, Lower
Market street, at THREE DOLLARS per an-
num, in advance.

A. N. DEMING, PRINTER,
Corner of Main and Columbia Streets,
OPPOSITE THE
WESTERN MUSEUM.

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